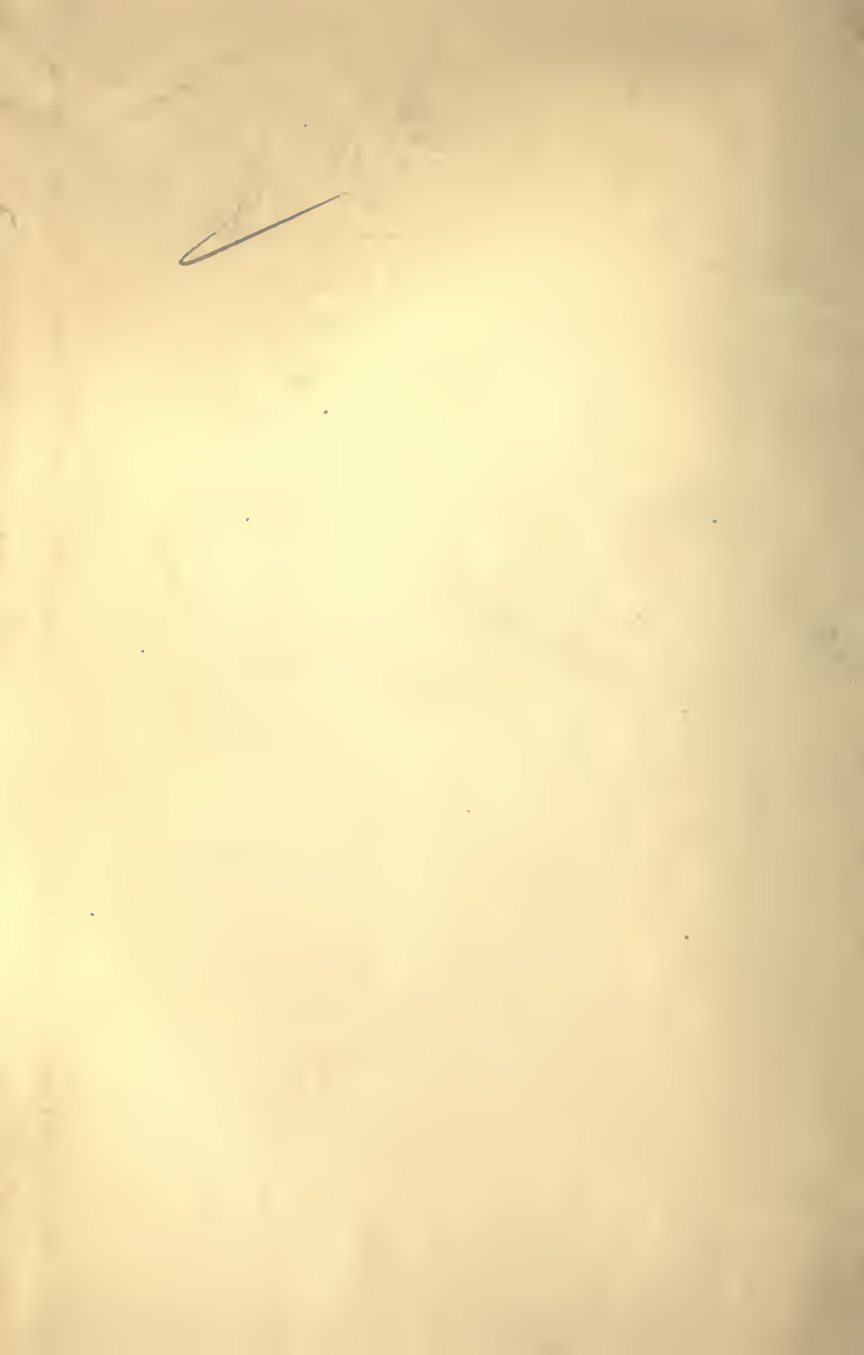


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# FAIRYLAND





# FAIRYLAND

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS

By  
BRIAN HOOKER



NEW HAVEN  
YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS  
1915

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## ARGUMENT

**R**OSAMUND, a novice, from the Abbey balcony beholds the young king *Auburn* riding across the Valley, and falls a-longing for life and for him. But he, scorning the kingdom that has been too easily his own, would fain go a pilgrimage. He leaves his crown, not to *Corvain* his brother, but to the Abbess *Myriel*. *Corvain* therefore steals upon *Auburn* while he prays before the shrine, strikes him down, and leaves him for dead. But *Auburn*, reviving, finds himself among Fairies, and within the shrine not Our Lady but his own lady *Rosamund*; and they two are crowned King and Queen in a vision of Fairyland.

*Auburn* being gone, *Corvain* by force seizes upon the kingdom; which *Myriel* claims also; so each takes tribute from the people, who are grievously oppressed thereby. *Rosamund*, fleeing from the Abbey in search of *Auburn*, falls into the power of *Corvain*. *Auburn* returns to claim his crown again; but none will recognize him for the

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King. *Rosamund* knows him only for her Prince of Fairyland; and he, being come back again to earth, knows her not. *Myriel*, pursuing *Rosamund*, comes upon the two together. While she and *Corvain* quarrel for possession of the fugitive, *Auburn* before all the people interferes, proclaiming himself king, and invoking the magic power of the Rose which he has brought from Fairyland. But the Rose withers before the scornful laughter of *Corvain*, wherein the People join; *Rosamund*, renouncing *Corvain's* protection, is led away prisoner by *Myriel*; and *Auburn* is left desolate.

*Rosamund*, believing steadily in her Fairy Lover, is to be burned for witchcraft. *Myriel* strives to make her repent, persuading her how that her vision had been of Holiness, not of Love; but *Rosamund* will not doubt. *Rosamund* and *Auburn*, being without hope, now wholly remember each other and despise their dream; seeing yet *Robin* and his People as nothing more than mere peasant clods, who therefore cannot aid them. *Auburn* single-handed desperately attacks *Corvain*, who has him seized and bound also to the stake. In that last

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moment, while the fagots kindle, they hear the drinking-song of the common folk in the tavern, and by that mirth know them for the People of the Hills. The Rose burns in *Auburn's* bosom like a star, while *Rosamund* sings the magic song thereof. The scene transforms again into the likeness of their vision, wherein *Myriel* and *Corvain* are overpowered by the throng of fairies rushing in, and *Auburn* and *Rosamund* are again set free and crowned in a world that is one with Fairyland.

THE TIME is roughly the Thirteenth Century; THE PLACE, a hill country in central Europe. These, however, are not intended to locate the story with historical precision, more than in the case of any other fairy tale; but as an affair of scenery and costume and setting, the form in which it meets the eye. For the action takes place in the Valley of Shadows, also called the World: which, seen in a certain light, is also Fairyland. It is concretely represented as a triangular valley, some two miles on a side, having at one corner The Abbey; at another,

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The Castle of the King; and at a third, The Village. And the scene is laid at each of these points in turn, the rest of the Valley being in each case visible and recognized in the distance.

The visual effect of the production, therefore, is of that mediæval realm of fancy with which Maxfield Parrish, Arthur Rackham, and others have made us familiar. And the transformation by which at the end of the First and Third Acts the scene becomes a vision of Fairyland is presented by the sudden change from ordinary stage light to a fantastic and decorative scheme of vivid colors and by the effect of this colored light upon the scenery and costumes.

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### THE PERSONS

AUBURN, the King; afterward Prince of Fairyland.

CORVAIN, brother to Auburn.

MYRIEL, the Abbess.

ROSAMUND.

ROBIN, surnamed GOODFELLOW.

CHORUS of NUNS, MEN-AT-ARMS, and  
COMMON FOLK (the People of the  
Hills) who are also FAIRIES.

### THE SCENES

ACT I. Before the Abbey. All-Hallows' Eve.

ACT II. The Castle of the King. Noon.

ACT III. The Village. Dawn.

THE ACTION takes place Once Upon a Time,  
and within the interval of a Year and  
a Day.





ACT I

BEFORE THE ABBEY. ALL-HALLOW'S EVE



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## ACT I

[THE SCENE\* represents the left hand corner of a triangular valley. On the extreme left, down stage, rise the gray and mossy walls of the Abbey; in the midst of which, facing right, is a great door, with a balcony over it. Beyond, the hills slope diagonally back and to the right, so that the level distance of the Valley is behind the right side of the stage. In the extreme distance, up right center, appears the Village in the opposite corner of the Valley. The foreground is separated from the rest of the picture by a cleft or chasm, which runs in a rough zigzag from just behind the Abbey to the right front corner of the scene. The path leading from the Abbey down and away to the right crosses this chasm by a bridge at a point in front of the distant

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\**Right* and *Left* refer throughout to the right and left of the audience, facing the stage.

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village (right center) ; and to left of the bridge and on the hither side of the chasm stands a wayside shrine, vine-covered, its interior hidden in shadow, facing the audience across the path.

*Early evening in Autumn. Sunset, and yellow light over middle distance. Suggestion of color in the foliage.*

*The end of the overture runs into the peasants' chorus as the CURTAIN RISES on an empty stage. The singing comes softly from off stage in the direction of the village. A few peasants, carrying tools, fagots, etc., come by twos and threes down the hill-slopes to the left, cross the stage, and disappear down the path to the right, singing as they go. The effect is that they are the last stragglers of homeward bound laborers, following the greater number who have gone already toward the village, and whose singing is still audible in the distance. Among the last of these, two—an old man and a young, savage-looking for-ester—speak to each other against the music of the chorus.]*

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### CHORUS

In lowly and rude land  
Our folk are fain to dwell,  
By corn-land or woodland,  
Or fallow of the dell;  
So we who bear her burden  
Will give our mother guerdon—  
A fair land, a good land,  
Whose children love her well.

### THE FORESTER

Stir thyself, Gaffer!

### THE OLD MAN

I am not so swift  
As I have been.

### THE FORESTER

The rest are home by now.  
Hark to them!—Art thou grown too old to  
sing  
And dance on Hallows' Eve?

*[At this point the CHORUS pauses, so  
that the next few words of the two peas-*

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*ants are heard. ROSAMUND comes out on the balcony, in the white robes of a novice, and stands looking out over the distant valley, a prisoner dreaming freedom. The two peasants call attention to her.]*

THE OLD MAN [*wondering*]

Look yonder—

THE FORESTER

Ay,

Lord help all such!

THE OLD MAN

A white angel!—

THE FORESTER

Whose feet  
Shall never dance, nor her tongue learn to  
sing  
Lullaby, nor her arms hold love.

*[The CHORUS rises again, rather louder, as more peasants pass across the stage.]*

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### THE OLD MAN

Kneel thou,  
And take her blessing.

### THE FORESTER

I will pray for her;  
She hath more need than I.

*[He bows his head, still standing. The other peasants have their attention called to ROSAMUND, and in turn call the attention of the audience to her by following the example of the two. THE OLD MAN and one or two others are on their knees; the rest pausing in momentary reverence. But all this is background, kept quiet enough to focus the whole scene upon ROSAMUND, the white figure against the ivied wall. The CHORUS goes right on; and ROSAMUND does not notice the peasants more than as part of the scene. Her gestures are emphatic enough to draw attention, a pantomime of longing to escape into the beautiful world.]*

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### THE FORESTER

Thou wilt see  
Other things presently. Is this a night  
For late wandering? Come, then—

*[They start away up right. The rest  
is mere talking as they go.]*

### THIRD PEASANT

Hallows' Eve!—  
All Hallows guard us!

### THE OLD MAN

Look, the sun!—

### THE FORESTER

Come home!

*[They go out up right, leaving the  
stage empty again except for ROSAMUND.  
The ORCHESTRA shows AUBURN riding  
across the valley in the distance. ROSA-  
MUND suddenly sees, turns, and leans out  
over the balcony, stretching her arms  
toward the sight; then buries her face in*



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*her hands. Her action is passionately emphatic. The CHORUS is heard again, more softly.]*

### CHORUS

Unfailing for ever  
Her mysteries remain:  
The blood of the river,  
The body of the grain—  
The Autumn of her dying,  
Her Winter buried lying,  
Whom Spring shall deliver,  
And Summer crown again!

*[The sound of the angelus breaks in on the close of the chorus music. The ORCHESTRA suggests the music of the nuns. ROSAMUND starts, crosses herself, and disappears within. CORVAIN enters, right, by way of the path and the bridge; pauses impatiently before the shut gate, and in a grudging perfunctory way obeys the message of the bell. As he looks up, he sees ROBIN dancing out of the forest on the left and across the stage above the chasm.]*

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ROBIN [*humming as he goes*]

*So we who bear her burden—*

CORVAIN

Hold you there,

Fellow!

ROBIN

*[Pausing on the further side of the chasm, and bowing with elvish and ironical deference.]*

Gramercy for thy fellowship,  
Good Master! Lo, how swift these honors  
fall—

Poor Robin is become the mate of lords,  
And fellow to the brother of the King!

CORVAIN

Be done, dog! Tell me, which way went the  
King?

ROBIN

Shall a dog look what way a king should go?

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CORVAIN

Ay, lest the king run forth to bay the moon,  
And be lost.

ROBIN

Sir, which king?

CORVAIN

My brother, oaf!

Are there so many?

ROBIN

The good sisters here,  
They say we have a king in heaven. The folk  
In the village yonder, they tell wonders  
too—

They say there is a king in Fairyland.  
Now of these three to lose one—

CORVAIN

Answer me!

Saw ye the King in the forest?

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ROBIN

Sir, I have seen  
No man today more like a king than thee,

CORVAIN

More like! . .

*[He makes an angry movement  
toward the bridge; Robin moves nimbly  
back from the chasm.]*

What now? Come hither.

ROBIN

*[Warily approaching from his own  
side of the chasm.]*

Nay, my lord,  
Not too much fellowship. Look, there is yet  
A gulf between us.

*[He tosses a pebble into the chasm.  
There is an instant's pause while it falls.  
CORVAIN goes on more quietly.]*

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CORVAIN

Hearken! Went he not  
Clad as a pilgrim, in gray weeds, with staff  
And sandal? Would ye know him so?

ROBIN

*[With the air of Ananias patronizing  
an amateur liar.]*

Brother,  
I have known many seek the Holy Land—  
Poor folk, like . . us; dry women, lonely  
men  
And such like. But a king!—Why, look ye  
now,  
'Tis against nature! If we tell that tale,  
Men will but say that we have murdered him  
For the sake of his crown.

CORVAIN

Dost *thou* say so,  
Villain?

ROBIN

The saints forbid! I only say  
We dare not lose him.

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CORVAIN

Fellow, must I be  
My brother's keeper?

ROBIN

Brother to a crown,  
And fellow to a clown—Ay, noble sir,  
Or . . .

*[His gesture suggests beheading as the alternative. There is a second's pause, CORVAIN standing rigid with rage, while ROBIN comically watches him. Then ROBIN is seized with an ironical inspiration.]*

Aha! See now:—This is Hallows'-Eve,  
No night for prince or pilgrim wandering,  
For whoso seeks the Holy Land to-night  
May chance on Fairyland athwart his way.  
Good! Say the goblins have him, or the  
gnomes  
Took him to be their king, or he hath seen  
A Singing Woman in the wood, and gone  
To slumber by her side for seven years,  
And wake a madman. There now is a tale  
Folk will believe! Say I well?

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CORVAIN

Thy long tongue  
One day will crop thy long ears. Enough!  
Go,  
Rouse the village—

ROBIN

On this night? Holy saints!  
Hallows'-Eve? Never a soul stirs from his  
door—  
There be too many abroad that have no  
souls—  
Not for twenty kings!

*[Convent bell, and music of the nuns'  
chant within.]*

Marry, here be more  
Seekers after lost crowns.

*[Going.]*

CORVAIN

Wait, thou!

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ROBIN

Not I—  
It is not good to walk too near the throne—  
Give ye good e'en. . . . Brother . . and  
keep ye safe  
From . . them who walk in darkness!

*[Nuns' music in the orchestra, and a woman's voice intoning, within the Abbey. Against this CORVAIN growls, looking after ROBIN.]*

CORVAIN

Insolent! . .

*[Turning away down stage.]*

O brother Auburn, holy brother Auburn,  
Whose babe's eyes look between me and my  
will—  
Whose dreams rise like a smoke across my  
way—  
How long—

VOICE [*within*]

*In sempiterna sæcula,*



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NUNS [*within*]

*Amen!*

CORVAIN

I shall remember! . .

CHORUS OF NUNS [*within*]

Ave Virgo gloriosa,  
Stella Maris, Mundi Rosa,  
Peccatorum gratiosa

Consolatrix hominum—

Ave Mater, quæ primævæ  
Matris mala pellis Evæ,  
Filiū prolata sævæ  
Genti nostræ Dominum!

*[The chant rises suddenly louder as the doors open, and the NUNS march forth two and two, bearing garlands; The Abbess MYRIEL at their head, and ROSAMUND, conspicuous by her position and the contrast of her white garments, bringing up the rear. With bowed heads and measured step they move across toward the shrine.]*

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O Dilecta, quam priori  
Supernalis dignam thori  
Ducent angelorum chori  
Paranymphe præmio!  
O Beata, quæ surridet  
Ubi creaturam videt  
Suæ carnis, qui residet  
Conditor in gremio!

*[As the procession reaches CORVAIN, the ABBESS steps aside from her place and confronts him indignantly. He moves aside down right, between awe and defiance; and the two stand facing each other, as the NUNS, without looking up, go on to hang their garlands upon the shrine, each pair kneeling an instant after doing so; then march back, still singing, into the Abbey.]*

Regis Nutrix angelorum,  
Da contemptum terrenorum  
Odium in vitiorum  
Triste ministerium;  
Vanitate solve mentem  
Fac devotam, pænitentem  
Et valentis perferventem  
Fove desiderium.

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Quando tandem, quando fore  
Ut lætanti cum tremore  
Sponsus mihi in decore  
Paret intra patriam?  
Quo jocunda spes amari  
Et amando amplexari  
Et amplexu consecrari  
Ebriavit animam.

Dum terrena claustra sumus,  
Mens est umbra, corpus humus,  
Venus fœda, vita fumus  
Oriendo moriens—  
Ibi pulchritudo verna,  
Ius amandi, mens superna,  
Ultra morte lux æterna  
Moriente oriens.

*[Finally the ABBESS hangs her garland, kneels, then as the last NUNS disappear, rises and confronts CORVAIN. ROSAMUND lingers in the shadow of the doorway, watching and listening.]*

CHORUS *[dying away off stage]*

O Amator amplectende,  
Totam me in sinu prende,  
Floris gloriæ ostende

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Ima penetralia;  
Per medulla cordis mei,  
Modo turpis, modo rei,  
Infer caritatem Dei  
Quæ despernit alia!

MYRIEL

[*Speaking, as did CORVAIN previously,  
against a murmur of intonation within.*]

Lord Corvain,  
This place is holy, and this eventide  
Appointed for such joys as are not thine.  
What is thy will?

CORVAIN

Little enough, good Mother—

NUNS [*within*]

*Amen!*

CORVAIN

—Only to seek your saintly king  
Auburn [*with evil emphasis*]  
If he be long away, my will  
May count for something more. Look to it.

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MYRIEL

Thou?—

Surely then we shall have a king indeed!

CORVAIN

What, have ye no more news of him than I,  
His brother? Ye be women still—some one  
Of this unmanned communion of Christ's  
brides

Might so far sin as to have heard his voice  
Singing, or caught the gleam of his red hair  
Across the valley?—

MYRIEL

I have no word of him,  
Nor need for other evil words of thine.

*[She turns contemptuously away.  
ROSAMUND comes timidly to meet her.]*

Farewell.

ROSAMUND

Mother—

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MYRIEL

Rosamund—thou?—

ROSAMUND

The King—

Is he lost?

CORVAIN

Ay, or gone to kneel by tombs,  
And feast his soul on saint's bones.

ROSAMUND

*[Fondly, half to herself, taking no  
notice of him.]*

I have dreamed  
Such a one should be king! . .

*[MYRIEL is about to answer; but  
CORVAIN, with immediate jealous ad-  
miration, interposes.]*

CORVAIN

In Fairyland,  
Maybe. Ha ha! He is half minstrel, half  
Priest, altogether fool. The rest . . is man.

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ROSAMUND

*[Innocently to CORVAIN, without the least notice of his coarseness.]*

I never saw a man so beautiful—  
So George against the dragon might have  
gone,  
Or Michael, thundering Lucifer down from  
heaven.

MYRIEL

*[In her turn interposing, before CORVAIN can answer.]*

What is this?

ROSAMUND [*eagerly*]

Nay, but ye shall hear . . . To-night,  
Standing alone upon the balcony  
Yonder, and looking out into the world  
Where the sun crowned the hills with gold,  
and all  
The shadows filmed with silver, and the songs  
Of merry-weary folk returning home

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Blew down the blossomy breeze, through the  
dull hum

Of bees and croon of doves around the  
towers—

I saw one riding on a great red steed,  
Glorious in golden armor, with his brow  
Flung upward in the sunbeams, and his hair  
Burning over him like an aureole,  
Pass like some brave archangel, clanging  
down

The mountain, over the river, through the  
vale,

Into the forest—

CORVAIN

So ho! Stole away!

*[Neither woman pays any attention  
to him. He is left quite out of the scene,  
covering his chagrin with a parade of  
contempt.]*

MYRIEL

Child, were thine eyes upon thy beads, to see  
So fondly?



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CORVAIN

[*Half aside, half trying to break into the scene.*]

Bah!

MYRIEL

There is a gulf between  
Thee and the world.

ROSAMUND

Therefore the world seems all  
Wonderful as a dream of Fairyland.

CORVAIN [*same business*]

Fairyland!

MYRIEL

Have a care lest thou raise up  
The dust of carnal dreams against the light,  
And gazing on bright clouds, despise the sun.

ROSAMUND

I do not love to look upon the sun—  
Only by his light to behold all else

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And find all fair. . . Mother, I know this  
world  
Turns ashes; yet—how shall I dream of  
heaven  
Otherwise than by signs God shows us here—  
The sweet songs and rich blossoms and kind  
eyes,  
The glory and the gladness and the power—  
Are these evil?

CORVAIN [*maliciously delighted*]

Answered! Well answered! See  
The saint speechless! Pretty one, live,  
laugh, love  
To-day. To-morrow—

MYRIEL [*sternly facing him*]

Ay—to-morrow. . .

[*She turns deliberately to ROSAMUND,  
obliterating CORVAIN.*]

Child,  
Thou hast thine answer. This is he who loves  
Earth!

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ROSAMUND

I have sinned . . .

[CORVAIN, *with elaborate unconcern, swaggers over to the bridge, and stands looking up stage.*]

MYRIEL

Go seek forgiveness. Pray  
The white saints wash thee pure of earth,  
and show  
Thy heart the way to heaven.

ROSAMUND [*moving toward the door*]

Where lies the road  
To Fairyland?

CORVAIN

[*Suddenly, pointing behind them, off to the left.*]

Lo, where he comes!—

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MYRIEL

*[With startled anger, hurrying ROSAMUND, who tries to follow CORVAIN's gesture.]*

Obey!

There is a devil in thee. What, shall I  
Be answered?—

*[In the next few lines there is no interruption: MYRIEL goes right on, and CORVAIN speaks while she is speaking.]*

CORVAIN

Archangel!—

MYRIEL

Go!—

CORVAIN

Prince of dreams!—

MYRIEL

What, stubborn? What, unwilling?

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[ROSAMUND is fairly driven off into the Abbey. MYRIEL turns upon CORVAIN, as AUBURN enters from the left above the chasm, crosses over by the bridge, and comes down right.]

Corvain!—

CORVAIN

[Calling to AUBURN as he approaches.]

Late!

Too late! Here was a pretty lady, fain  
To follow thee to Fairyland!

AUBURN

I love

A Lady in the Holy Land.

[There is not a shadow of priggishness about him: he is simply brimming with an enthusiasm which keeps him imperturbably and even humorously good-natured: a poet, not a puritan; no ascetic, but an idealist.]

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CORVAIN [*scornfully*]

Ay, ay,  
Holy Land, Fairyland, it is all one—  
Meanwhile, who shall be king here?

AUBURN

Is the name  
Of King so great a matter?

CORVAIN [*dryly*]

So they say. . .

[*He turns to MYRIEL. The completeness of his contempt for AUBURN is almost kindly.*]

How think ye? Did the Lord mistake, and  
send  
The saint into the world before the king,  
Or did the women blunder, and change the  
babes?

MYRIEL [*frozen stiff*]

We have heard enough blasphemy.

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AUBURN

Nay, what harm  
In a word? We know him well for one  
whose love  
Covers her shame with laughter.

[*He turns to CORVAIN.*]

Take the crown  
In God's name, brother; and with all my  
heart,  
Be thou—

[*He holds out the crown to him.*  
MYRIEL *interposes.*]

MYRIEL

Not so! Hold!

AUBURN [*to MYRIEL*]

Shall I hold so dear  
This painted picture-book of shadow and  
sun, . .

[*a gesture*]

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This game of bare-the-head and bow-the-knee, . .

These golden toys? . . Ye call me dreamer.

Why,

These are dreams. I forget them.

MYRIEL

Dost thou crown

A dog with dreams?

CORVAIN

Or an Abbess? Come, give up  
Thy toys to thy nurse, child. . . [*with slow  
emphasis*] thy dry nurse.

AUBURN

Nay,

To a brother, if he will.

MYRIEL

Never to such

A brother!

CORVAIN

Go and pray, woman. Leave men  
To deal with men.



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MYRIEL [*to AUBURN*]

A picture-book of souls;  
A game of life and death; A toy whereby,  
Since the beginning of the world, strong hell  
Hath triumphed over heaven.

CORVAIN [*indicating the crown*]

Here is that  
Wherefore, since the beginning of the world,  
Men have slain one another. Shall I yield  
This to her?

MYRIEL [*gesturing toward the shrine*]

Not to me: to One that was  
A woman, and now reigns throned over all,  
Mother and Maid and Queen.

AUBURN

Let it be so,  
And over all our land flower the old blooms  
Of Eden!—

CORVAIN

John-a-Dreams!

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AUBURN [*without pausing*]

Women shall bear,  
And men labor ungoverned. There shall be  
No law but love, no crown save on whose  
brow  
Burns the Star of the Sea, and in her heart  
The red Rose of the World!

CORVAIN [*dryly*]

Ay, ay,—she died  
Some years back. Let be, there are crowns  
in heaven  
Already. Also there are maids alive  
That may be mothers. In the devil's name,  
Let the kings reign and the saints pray!  
Come home,  
Take a wife, rule thy kingdom, be a man!

MYRIEL

In the devil's name?

CORVAIN [*losing patience*]

Oh, God's, Mary's, the Saints',  
The goblins'!

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[*He turns to AUBURN with a certain dangerous quietness.*]

Fool, I would give life for this,  
Ay, or—take life. Beware!

AUBURN

[*No pause; MYRIEL is already speaking.*]

Nay—

MYRIEL

Be thou ware  
Of fire from heaven! Avoid! We have  
endured  
Overlong. Begone from us, ere that Power  
Whose word I bear remove thee from His  
sight  
Forever. Give back!

[*As CORVAIN retreats from her across the bridge, she turns to AUBURN.*]

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Hither! Thy sword, my son,  
Thy sword! Break down the bridge!  
Break the bridge down!  
Brother from brother will I set apart,  
Blood from blood, saith the Lord!

*[The bridge falls. In the hush, the  
NUNS' music is heard within the Abbey.  
AUBURN turns to MYRIEL, with bowed  
head, offering her the crown.]*

AUBURN

Mother, now  
Thy blessing.

*[She gives it silently, by a gesture,  
while a single voice within is heard in-  
toning the Invocation. Then she motions  
the crown away toward the shrine.]*

MYRIEL

Not to me; to Her.

NUNS [*within*]

*Amen.*

## FAIRYLAND

---

[MYRIEL goes slowly into the Abbey.  
AUBURN crosses to the shrine, holding  
up the crown before it. The sunset has  
faded into dusk.]

CORVAIN [watching him]

Holds the world such another John-a-  
Dreams?

[He disappears in the darkness up  
right.]

NUNS [within]

*Ave Mater quæ primævæ  
Matris mala pellis Evæ,  
Filiū prolata sævæ  
Genti nostræ Dominum.*

[It is by now twilight. A faint mist  
rises out of the chasm and films the scene.  
AUBURN crosses to the shrine, and stands  
with bowed head before it. His solilo-  
quy which follows is heard against the  
singing of the NUNS off stage: that is to  
say, it is not interrupted for interpola-

## FAIRYLAND

---

*tions from the Nuns' Chorus—that is a mere convenience of printing.]*

### AUBURN

Mother, my more than mother, thou whose  
    eyes  
Out of all azure skies look down on me—  
Whose hand is in the cool brush of the  
    breeze  
Over my brow, whose voice hums lullaby  
Where brooks laugh in the sun, whose robe  
    flows green  
Along the Springtime—

### NUNS [*within*]

*Quando tandem, quando fore  
Ut lætanti cum tremore  
Sponsus mihi in decore  
    Paret intra patriam?*

### AUBURN

Lo, now even I,  
A prince of dreams, lay my poor glory down,  
Lady, before the darkness of the shrine,  
While I go forth to find thee. O let me learn  
The beauty painted here in shadow and sun:

## FAIRYLAND

---

The love that is the meaning of this dream  
Wherein we toss, longing; the harmony  
Where all earth's dissonances close and cling  
Satisfied, full of sleep.

NUNS [*within*]

*O Amator amplectende,  
Totam me in sinu prende,  
Floris gloriæ ostende  
Ima penetralia.*

AUBURN

Star of the Sea,  
Lift up mine eyes from loving dust, and let  
Thy glory swim before me as a star  
Guiding my happiness to Bethlehem!  
Lift up my heart, Rose of the World, and  
show  
Thy wonder opening as a rose unfoldeth  
Her deep heart under the dawn. . . Star of  
the Sea!—  
Rose of the World!—

[*During AUBURN'S invocation, COR-  
VAIN clambers stealthily out of the gulf,*

## FAIRYLAND

---

*and creeps up behind him. In the deepening gloom, his coming might hardly be noticed but that he is heralded by a faint growl of thunder from the ORCHESTRA. As AUBURN sings his closing lines, CORVAIN half draws his sword; changes his mind and returns it to its sheath; then grasps the crown and swings it on high over the head of the kneeling figure, just as AUBURN sings the last phrase. At the same instant a flash of lightning makes the pictures stand out in momentary relief.*

*CORVAIN strikes. AUBURN falls forward senseless. Almost at the same moment, the Rose within the shrine breaks into a point of red light, and in the distance the music of the fairy chorus is heard against the singing of the NUNS. CORVAIN shrivels back, staring at the red light. As the fairy music grows nearer and louder, he runs wildly hither and yon, headed back each time by a momentary gleam of light from the heart of some flower; and at last, he flings away the crown and rushes off among the rocks on the right.]*



## FAIRYLAND

---

CHORUS OF FAIRIES [*off stage*]

When the summer day is done,  
And the saints in heaven sleeping,  
Leave the earth in elfin keeping,  
At the setting of the sun—  
Waken, Little Folk, awaken!  
Here are fears to be forsaken,  
Treasure given, pleasure taken,—  
Follow, follow, every one!

*[Two FAIRIES with brooms enter right and left, and cross the stage, sweeping away the mist. Then four others with wands, who advance to the shrine and kindle their wands at the red light within, then go about lighting up little colored lights in all the flowers. The scene brightens into a colorful and un-earthly radiance; but the interior of the shrine is still dark save for the small red glow of the Rose.]*

FAIRIES [*entering*]

When the breezes breathe in tune,  
And the light of wonder hovers  
Round the hearts of happy lovers

## FAIRYLAND

---

At the rising of the moon,—  
Fill and thrill them with the power  
And the passion of the hour,  
That embosom and embower  
All the mystery of June!

*[The chasm fills with a mass of misty light, over which, as over a solid substance, the FAIRIES troop on the stage, singing and dancing. The whole background of the scene is a cloud of colored light.]*

### FAIRIES

When the veils of earth are torn,  
And a yearning and a yearning  
Set the rose of beauty burning  
In the hush before the morn,—  
Throng around them, where the golden  
Joy hath drowned them, and the olden  
Wonder crowned them un beholden  
In a Fairyland reborn!

*[At the end of the chorus, ROBIN enters with a great cup in his hands.]*

## FAIRYLAND

---

*Standing by the shrine and before  
AUBURN, he addresses the CHORUS.]*

ROBIN

Ye who are free of worlds beyond the portal,  
Honor with me the dream wherefrom we  
spring—  
The mortal joy that maketh us immortal—  
Health to our Queen and King!

CHORUS

Our Queen . . . and King!

*[He raises the cup so that the light from the shrine catches the wine in it, drinks, and scatters the last drops upon AUBURN, who rises slowly to his feet, looking about amazed. As he turns toward the shrine, the interior thereof is suddenly illuminated, disclosing instead of the image of the Virgin, ROSAMUND enthroned. Before her the magic Rose grows out of the earth, its blossom just below her breast, and the light of it reddening from beneath her white robe and her face. She and AUBURN look in wonder upon each other.]*

## FAIRYLAND

---

### AUBURN

Lo, the one beauty, fair beyond all seeming,  
More than mine eyes may compass or  
receive—

Surely of this my life was only dreaming,  
And yet. . . I live!

### CHORUS

Fairyland!

### ROSAMUND

Lo, the one joy too dear for disobeying,  
More than my heart may fathom, lest it  
break,—

Surely for this my dreams were only praying,  
And yet. . . I wake!

### CHORUS

Fairyland!

AUBURN [*coming before her, awestricken*]

Art thou not she that is crowned Queen in  
heaven?

## FAIRYLAND

---

### ROSAMUND

I have no heaven but thou art lord there—  
of, . .

No crown, saving the rapture thou hast given.

### AUBURN

O love, . . my love! . .

*[He kneels at her feet. She bends  
above him, her hands upon his head.]*

### CHORUS

Fairyland! Fairyland! Fairyland!

### ROBIN

*[In the center of the stage, to the left  
of the shrine: the CHORUS grouped  
around the edges of the scene.]*

Rose of the World, they are lost who would  
find thee—

Star of the Sea, they grow weary and  
weep—

Running before crowned with thorns, and  
behind thee

Drowned in thy light on the deep;

## FAIRYLAND

---

Yet shall they come through mistake and  
misnaming

Where thou art holy at last, being  
whole—

Having a rose for thy flesh, and a flaming  
Star for a soul.

Yea, thou shalt lead them to wonderful  
places

Ere they discover how laughter redeems  
Beauty, and shame, looking dreamward,  
embraces

Love, the unconquered of dreams.

Heaven, earth and hell shall they range un-  
forbidden

Strong in command of the glory that grows  
Out of the dust, understanding the hidden  
Fire in the rose.

### CHORUS

Crown them! Crown them! Crown them!

[AUBURN is seated beside ROSAMUND.  
The FAIRIES throng about, crowning  
them with garlands and strewing flowers  
before them. This goes on during the

## FAIRYLAND

---

*duet following, which is sung against the interpolated stanzas for the chorus.]*

### AUBURN

Now it is won: in the hour of proud sur-  
render,  
Leans my queen from her throne thrice  
glorified,  
Down upon mine, undenying, divinely tender,  
Bending the eyes of a mother, the eyes of  
a child, the eyes of a bride.

### CHORUS

*Where lies the road to Fairyland? Over the  
hills of dawn,  
Under the seas of sunset, yonder on every  
hand—  
Whithersoever a soul shall follow the one  
star far withdrawn  
At the end of the world, is the way un-  
furled that leads to Fairyland.*

### ROSAMUND

Now it is done: as a song that songs remem-  
ber,  
Cometh my lord to his own inheriting,

## FAIRYLAND

---

Over the heart made pure for his bridal  
chamber  
Folding the arms of a lover, the arms of a  
man, the arms of a king.

### CHORUS

*What shall we find in Fairyland? Whatever  
the tales have told,  
Whatever the songs have longed for,  
whatever the children planned—  
Folly deeper than wisdom, beauty brighter  
than gold,  
Laughter and tears from all the years in  
the light of Fairyland!*

### AUBURN, ROSAMUND, ROBIN

Now it is known: the kingdom of fancy,  
founded  
Firm in the flesh that hungers, the soul  
that knows,  
Throned upon clay, with fire as a robe sur-  
rounded,

### AUBURN

Crowned with the light of heaven—



## FAIRYLAND

---

ROSAMUND

The light of a dream—

ROBIN

The light of the Rose!

CHORUS

*Who shall be king in Fairyland? He that  
will not forego*

*Eyes to see and ears to hear and a heart  
to understand.*

*Who shall be queen? A child and a woman.  
Verily they shall know*

*Heaven in earth and earth in heaven and  
both in Fairyland!*

CURTAIN



ACT II

THE CASTLE OF THE KING. NOON



## ACT II

[THE SCENE represents a court-yard or paved terrace in the castle of CORVAIN, which is situated upon a precipitous rock in that corner of the Valley which is to the right of the Abbey. The distance, as before, shows the Village in the opposite corner of the Valley; but in this case to left of the center; and the diagonal ridge of hills runs back from right to left. Moreover, since we are now raised high above the level of the Valley, the distance appears only upon the back drop, and the middle distance is invisible. On the extreme right is the front of the main building, a high Gothic porch running some two thirds of the way up stage; with a doorway under the shadow of it. The upper third of the practicable, from the upper corner of the porch straight across to the left, is raised to the same height as the porch itself; its upper edge is bounded by a balustrade, beyond which the top of the outer castle

## FAIRYLAND

---

wall is just visible, as being lower down the slope. This raised portion comes down to the main stage level in a broad flight of steps which runs along its whole length, and meets at right angles a similar flight of steps running down the whole front of the porch: so that the general effect is of a shallow amphitheater, all of clean bright stone. There is not a green or growing thing in sight, except in the distance. Entrances and exits are to left and right of the raised upper portion, and through the doorway in the porch. There are two or three rigid stone seats along the parapet, and another down left center on the lower level. A small but rather ornate chair stands up right center upon the raised portion. Full sunlight throughout the act.]

[At the CURTAIN RISE, CORVAIN is standing at the head of the porch steps as though just come out of the building. He is royally dressed, a gorgeous mass of flowing color; and the change in his manner since the first act is at once ap-

## FAIRYLAND

---

*parent. He is now secure in everything he had coveted; and he carries it off with an air of lazy and sardonic supremacy—the dignity of the gorged tiger. A group of MEN-AT-ARMS are standing about him, one of whom is in the act of delivering a message from someone off stage to the left.]*

### MAN-AT-ARMS

. . . Therefore they pray my lord—

### CORVAIN

*[Lazily, without waiting for him to finish.]*

Go bring them in.  
They shall be heard. . .

*[He moves deliberately up to the parapet and looks out, as the MAN-AT-ARMS goes off, left.]*

When we met last, we looked  
On yonder valley from the Abbey-side;  
Now we are here. . .

## FAIRYLAND

---

[*He seats himself in the chair.*]

Surely they shall be heard. . .

[*The soldier returns at once with ROBIN and half a dozen miserable looking peasants, among them THE FORESTER and THE OLD MAN. ROBIN comes forward and kneels before CORVAIN, who recognizes him with malicious triumph.*]

ROBIN

Justice, lord King!

CORVAIN

How now . . . fellow?

ROBIN

[*Rising and indicating the peasants.*]

These folk

Thy people—

CORVAIN

Not my fellows? Lord, how light  
These honors fall! What seek my . . .  
people?



## FAIRYLAND

---

ROBIN

*[Angry and humiliated, but with some tincture of his grotesque humor.]*

Oh,

A trifle. Here! *[beckoning]*

This woman had no bread  
Wherefore her babe died. That old dog,  
being tired

Of honest hunger, stole. See his gray hair  
Hides no ears. Yonder rascal, having lost  
Roof, corn, and cattle, shot the king's deer.

Look—

No more archery! . .

*[Showing the stump of the man's right hand.]*

Sir, we are broke down  
With too much honor. One crown is  
enough—

We are too frail to bear the weight of two.

CORVAIN

Well—I forgive them.

## FAIRYLAND

---

ROBIN

. . . My lord, Myriel,  
Claiming our land for God's kingdom, de-  
clares  
Herself his treasurer. Good—Thou art  
king—  
Must we pay twice?

CORVAIN

Nay, surely. That were foul wrong.  
Once is enough. Pay me.

ROBIN

Sir, we have paid  
Her already.

CORVAIN

So! What is that to me?  
Go to her.

ROBIN

To her!—

CORVAIN

Would ye have your king  
Kinder than God?

## FAIRYLAND

---

ROBIN

God help us! Wilt thou press  
Wine out of dry grapes?

CORVAIN [*yawning*]

I will even try. . .  
Give ye good den. . . . Brother.

ROBIN

Brother! Beware  
Thine own brother!

CORVAIN [*motioning to the soldiers*]

These good folk weary me.  
Answer them.

[*Before his last word is out, the MEN-AT-ARMS have sprung forward, and are driving the PEASANTS back. Their protests and the retorts of the MEN-AT-ARMS form a confusion of sound which lasts while the PEASANTS are driven clear off stage to the left.*]

FAIRYLAND

---

CHORUS

PEASANTS

—Colin, Tibbal, Bartlemy—

MEN-AT-ARMS

—Out, ye beggars! Dogs, go hang!

THE WOMAN

—Will ye turn on us who sprang  
From your own blood?

MAN-AT-ARMS I

Ay, will we!

PEASANTS

—Colin, Tibbal, Bartlemy—

THE OLD MAN

—Are ye not ourselves?

MAN-AT-ARMS 2 [*presenting his spear*]

—Marry,  
Not by the length of this!

## FAIRYLAND

---

### THE FORESTER

We be  
Dogs, eh? Beware of claw and fang!

### MEN-AT-ARMS

Out, ye beggars! Dogs, go hang!

[CORVAIN, *meanwhile, leans back in his chair with his feet thrust out in front of him, calmly enjoying the proceedings. Against the dying away of the choral disturbance off stage, the orchestra announces ROSAMUND. CORVAIN looks off left with indolent curiosity.*]

### CORVAIN

What now? . . Marry, here be more  
Seekers after lost kings. . .

[*The soldiers return, bringing ROSAMUND, footsore and afraid. CORVAIN starts as he sees her, and turns upon the soldiers.*]

FAIRYLAND

---

CORVAIN

Lo, my sweet saint  
Of the Abbey!—

[*To the soldiers.*]

Let her go! . . .  
When angels fall  
The better for the world. . .

[*ROSAMUND comes hesitatingly down the steps toward him. The soldiers stand above, curious and pointing.*]

CORVAIN [*to the soldiers*]

Leave us! . . .

[*They disperse right and left. ROSAMUND approaches CORVAIN.*]

ROSAMUND [*timidly*]

My lord,  
Where lies the road to Fairyland?

.....

The road

For I seek the King there.

He is found.

Whither thou goest, there is Fairyland—

Thou dost not know. . .

50 100 150 200 250 300 350 400 450 500 550 600 650 700 750 800 850 900 950 1000

Make no jest of me. I have. . . I have

The Prince of Faery in a waking dream,

And find him, and delight him, or I die.

## FAIRYLAND

---

CORVAIN

Look upon me, beautiful child. . . Look well  
Dost thou not remember?—

ROSAMUND

Surely. Corvain,  
The King—

CORVAIN

*Thy king.*

ROSAMUND

*[With something like horror.]*

Thou! . .

CORVAIN [*confidently*]

Look again . . .

*[ROSAMUND, between hope and horror, perceives the mere brotherly resemblance. She is certain this is the wrong man, and yet—]*



## FAIRYLAND

---

ROSAMUND [*fascinated*]

Like. . . Ay,  
Strangely like. . . Yet . . . Thou art not  
the same—

There is no wonder in thine eyes.

CORVAIN

Who knows  
His dream by daylight? Who hath known  
in dreams  
Anything unremembered? Come to me,  
Pretty one—Am I not thy master? Lo,  
The joy of all our dreams here in the day!

[ROSAMUND *suddenly breaks from her hesitation, and puts out her hands to him.*]

ROSAMUND

Touch me. . .

[*He catches both her hands and draws her to him. THE ORCHESTRA buries a slight suggestion of AUBURN under a harshly emphasized suggestion of CORVAIN. Instantly, she shrinks and struggles away.*]

## FAIRYLAND

---

No, no, it is all wrong, all wrong! . .  
Thou dost not know.

CORVAIN [*coolly*]

I know this: Myriel  
Will burn thee—burn thee with fire. . .

[*Watching her.*]

standing so—  
The lash behind thee and the love before—  
Choose between that flame and this!

[*She turns to fly. CORVAIN raises his hand, and the entrances fill with his MEN-AT-ARMS. ROSAMUND glances desperately round, then wilts upon the bench, left center.*]

CORVAIN

They who come  
Here, abide here.

[*He turns away, then pauses at the door.*]

Thou hast need of me. Look well.

## FAIRYLAND

---

*[He goes into the castle, after dismissing by a gesture the MEN-AT-ARMS.]*

### ROSAMUND

O far away, beyond all human need  
The songs and flowers and crowns of Fairy-  
land!  
Ever the wrong so brave, the hope so frail,  
Ever the day so long, the dream so far!  
And yet. . . Am I so faithless? . . . Have  
I not seen?—  
Have I not known! Surely these hollow  
towers  
Will melt in melody down, and these vain  
stones  
Blaze into bloom, and over the dark of the  
world  
The dawn of Fairyland rise up like fire,  
Hearing what songs the little people sing!

*[She is on her feet, exalted with the memory of her vision. The song that follows is musically an attempt to remember the Song of the Rose at the end of Act I.]*

## FAIRYLAND

---

### ROSAMUND

In a garden glad and green  
Blooms a rose, unknown, unseen—  
    Ruby-bosomed like a flame,  
    Holy, like a holy name—  
All the world have part and right  
In the garden's rich delight:  
    Each may gather all he knows—  
    I alone have known the Rose!

Through a world of waste and wrong  
Flows a benison of song,  
    Pouring on the multitude  
    All their souls can bear of good;  
Bringing them who know and care  
Beauty, laughter, pain, and prayer—  
    Each his own realities—  
    Mine the singer's lips and eyes!

*[Breaking the hush at the close comes a crackle of men's laughter off stage, left. ROBIN enters, more interested in ROSAMUND than in what is behind him. An instant later AUBURN follows, pausing up left to speak to the soldiers off stage. He is dressed as a pilgrim, but noticeably tattered and disheveled; and*

## FAIRYLAND

---

*the hair which straggles from under his cockle-hat is nearly white. Except for his face and gestures, which remain incongruously young, he appears supernaturally aged and altered; like an old man retaining all but the surface of youth, or a young man who had contrived to put on age like a garment. The Rose is fastened in the bosom of his gown—a perfectly ordinary stage flower with no light in it.]*

AUBURN

Peace! Am I not your king?

*[Laughter again, off stage.]*

ROBIN *[to Rosamund]*

That is not like  
The songs our mothers sang of Fairyland.

*[She has eyes only for AUBURN, who slowly turns and comes down.]*

ROSAMUND *[passing ROBIN]*

Fairyland!—

## FAIRYLAND

---

[AUBURN comes down the steps, facing her. She recognizes him as if he were unchanged.]

—Thou art come! . .

[She rushes forward, as if to throw herself into his arms; but his blank stare meets her like a blow. She stops transfixed, while he speaks.]

AUBURN

Lady most fair,  
Beautiful stranger—

ROSAMUND

Oh, my lord—thou, . . thou! . .  
Thou dost not know! . .

[It is less a reproach than a sheer cry of pain, contrasted with her cry of joy a moment since. She stumbles blindly toward him, groping with her hands, and sinks at his feet. AUBURN turns to ROBIN.]

## FAIRYLAND

---

AUBURN

Who is this?

ROBIN

One who knows  
Thee: a strange creature. . . Now, if thou  
be King  
Marry, what king?

AUBURN

Your own king. Auburn. Who  
Should I be?

ROSAMUND

He is king in Fairyland!

ROBIN

Maybe. Not at home here—nor here.  
[*tapping his forehead*]  
Good sir,  
We have all seen Auburn!

AUBURN [*to ROSAMUND*]

What dost thou know  
Of Fairyland?

## FAIRYLAND

---

ROSAMUND

Nothing now.

AUBURN

Ye shall know  
More, having seen what wonders I have  
known—  
Children of earth, think ye this blossom  
bloomed  
In any earthly garden?

*[He holds up the Rose as a thing wonderful; but ROSAMUND sees no wonder in it, and ROBIN admits none.]*

ROBIN

I have seen  
Such a one flowering in a wayside hedge,  
Reddening before dim altars—ay, some-  
times  
Even in kings' crowns.

AUBURN [*to* ROSAMUND]

What dost *thou* say?



## FAIRYLAND

---

ROSAMUND

Not like

The Rose of Fairyland. . .

ROBIN

See there, now!—

AUBURN

Go!—

Are your ears faithless? Then believe your  
eyes!

Rouse the village, gather my people here  
And ye shall see, deep in the heart of the  
rose,

The light of Fairyland burn forth like fire,  
And hear what songs the Little People sing  
To crown their own!

ROBIN

I cannot call to mind  
That Auburn wrought miracles—

*[His half-ironical unbelief is too much  
for ROSAMUND. She does not believe  
anything herself, just now; but that any  
other person should venture to doubt*

## FAIRYLAND

---

AUBURN *throws her into a fine feminine rage. She advances imperiously upon*  
ROBIN.]

ROSAMUND

Out! Away!  
Thou earth! Thou scornful nothing! Who  
art thou—  
Dross of the furrow, drainage of the vine,  
Waste water flung away into the mire,—  
Thou . . judge . . him! Begone. Do his  
bidding!

ROBIN

Nay,  
Here is one who believes! I go. . .

*[He turns away up right; then pauses  
to wag his head wisely at AUBURN.]*

Take heed,  
Brother,—roses have thorns. . Ay, and  
crowns too—  
It is not good to walk too near a throne!

*[Exit.]*

## FAIRYLAND

---

[ROSAMUND reacts from anger to timidity and comes hesitatingly to AUBURN, who is looking after ROBIN.]

ROSAMUND

Dost thou not remember?

AUBURN [*full of his own concerns*]

Am I so changed?—

Lo, since I woke into the world again,  
None remember! My people mock at me—  
No matter. They shall know soon.

ROSAMUND

Thou and I. . .

Were we not crowned in Fairyland?

AUBURN

I have been  
King in Fairyland. Also I am King  
Here. Dost thou know?

ROSAMUND

I have dreamed such a one  
Should be king. Tell me.

## FAIRYLAND

---

*[He is seated wearily on the stone bench, down left; she at his feet, looking up at him. Against AUBURN'S account of his vision is an orchestral reminiscence of the Abbey music. To this MYRIEL enters up left, in the gorgeous purple and gold of the Mitred Abbess, and comes forward to the head of the steps up center; the NUNS gathering like a black cloud up left, as the scene goes on. AUBURN and ROSAMUND, with the stone seat screening them, are utterly unconscious: she intent upon him, and he upon his dream.]*

### AUBURN

While I prayed, there fell  
Darkness . . and out of darkness brake like  
flame  
A glory of strange joy, and all around  
Fairies dancing, and a red rose that burned  
With a star for the heart thereof. . .

### ROSAMUND

Was there  
No queen?—

## FAIRYLAND

---

AUBURN [*almost in a trance*]

She sat above me, throned on flowers  
And crowned with stars. . . all heaven in  
her eyes  
And on her breast the Rose of all the  
world. . .

[*Half rousing himself.*]

—Thou art here, at my feet.

ROSAMUND

Am I so changed?—  
No matter. It is all so long ago  
And far away. . .

AUBURN [*relapsed into his reverie*]

Thereupon suddenly clanged  
The stern tongue of the Abbey bell. . . The  
fire  
In the heart of the Rose faded, and there  
came  
Lightning, sharp as the wail of women's  
prayers,  
And thunder, like the laughter of strange  
men,  
And broke the vision. . .

## FAIRYLAND

---

[ROSAMUND raises her eyes and arms to him, as MYRIEL, with the last lines of AUBURN'S dream, comes down where she can see them, and pauses an instant astonished, with a backward sweep of her robes. AUBURN and ROSAMUND, looking into each other's eyes, are for an instant oblivious of her. In that instant a point of red light appears in the Rose, and as if lit thereby, a faint light of recognition in AUBURN'S face. The next instant MYRIEL has broken the spell.]

### ROSAMUND

[Her hands behind AUBURN'S head, as the Rose flashes.]

Dear, look upon me. . .  
Look well. . .

### AUBURN

Rose of the World—

[MYRIEL towers above them, with uplifted arms, the shadow of her falling in

## FAIRYLAND

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*the form of a cross between them. Instantly the light in the Rose vanishes, and therewith the recognition in AUBURN'S face.]*

MYRIEL

Forbear!—

*[ROSAMUND shrinks back to the left. AUBURN rises.]*

ROSAMUND *[to MYRIEL]*

Hast thou  
Found me so soon?

MYRIEL

Let her not escape—

*[This is spoken to the NUNS. The circle of them closes in upon ROSAMUND like two black wings; but as she rises from her crouching position and stands erect, they shrink away from her, rustling and whispering. MYRIEL has turned to bend reverently before AUBURN*

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*as he rises in protest; and her next words  
are to him.]*

Nay,

Father, she is beyond thy charity—  
A torn veil, a soul ruined, a lost nun,—  
Waste not heaven upon such!

AUBURN

Myriel,

Dost thou know me?

MYRIEL

I know thee for a saint  
Out of the Holy Land, having beheld  
In a vision the very Mother, crowned  
Among angels. . .

ROSAMUND [*half aside*]

Ah, but she does not know  
What we have known!—

AUBURN

Thou shalt know more of heaven  
Soon, having seen Fairyland. . . Even now  
The King comes. Presently I shall be King.



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[*He goes up stage and stands looking out over the parapet, up right center. CORVAIN appears in the porch, a group of MEN-AT-ARMS following through the doorway. He takes in the situation of ROSAMUND'S capture with one triumphant glance; but does not see AUBURN at all.*]

CORVAIN

Heaven's angels come to help us!—

[*To the soldiers.*]

Abide my sign—

We do not draw swords on a flock of doves,  
We spread a net around them.

[*The MEN-AT-ARMS disappear. CORVAIN comes down the steps to MYRIEL, speaking with sarcastic deference.*]

Good Mother,  
This place is earthly—carnal; and this hour  
Appointed for such joys as are not thine—  
What is thy will?

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MYRIEL

Nothing more. Here is one  
Who fled from us. We have found her.

CORVAIN

Not so—  
Ye have lost her. It is I who have found.  
She is beyond your danger.

MYRIEL

Corvain, thou art king  
While God waits. Beware!

CORVAIN

Meanwhile, the King reigns!  
Meanwhile, I do my will! Ye have a scourge  
There, Mother, not a sword—a lash, to  
drive  
Wincing Beauty into my arms, a spur  
To prick her on to pleasure. Look upon her  
Shrinking there—Look upon me, and rage  
to know  
Ye cannot work us harm. Cloister your-  
selves  
From the bloom of all foregone joy, whose  
grave

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---

Rankles your consecrated flesh! Toil, pray,  
Dream, and close your eyes! I have opened  
mine:

I see how God will not help whom ye praise,  
Hurt whom ye curse, nor hold the hands of  
men

From their desire—and yours, yours, yours!  
I see

What crowns long to be conquered; and I  
see

Only a fallow drouth of women here,  
Hating and yearning.

MYRIEL

[*Quietly, to the NUNS.*]

Let us leave him now. . .

Take her.

[*She moves toward the exit up left.*  
CORVAIN *raises his arm, and the gates*  
*again fill with soldiers.*]

CORVAIN

Ay,—take her.

## FAIRYLAND

---

MYRIEL

Corvain!—

*[They face each other: she sacredly enraged, he sneering and triumphant. There is an instant of tense pause. Then the approach of the CHORUS is indicated in the ORCHESTRA. And with that, AUBURN, as having suddenly seen that which he awaited, turns and comes down between MYRIEL and CORVAIN, with a bearing of absolute authority.]*

AUBURN

Abide my sign:

It is not yours to say what ye will do;

I am the King.

*[Tableau of astonishment: MYRIEL and ROSAMUND showing by pose and gesture what each conceives AUBURN to be; while the ORCHESTRA and CHORUS show the nearer approach of the crowd. One stare at the apparition before him, and CORVAIN is smitten with the sudden superstitious panic of the unbeliever surprised.]*

## FAIRYLAND

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CORVAIN

To me, Men-at-Arms! Ho,  
King's men!—

*[The MEN-AT-ARMS rush to range themselves behind and around him, leaving clear the entrances right and left.]*

AUBURN

Behold! My people follow me.

*[As he speaks, the CHORUS burst in tumultuously by both gates, filling the raised platform up stage and crowding forward down the steps: a peasantry driven desperate, a sheer mob mad with imminent revenge; a mass of snarling faces and tossing hands that clutch rude weapons—scythes, flails, mattocks—moving, threatening, and expectant.]*

CHORUS

Flame shining, blood flowing,  
And life plowed under year by year—  
The seed of your sowing

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Hath ripened its load of pain;  
The drudge of yoke and manger  
Ye goaded into danger,  
Aroused, overthrowing,  
Is avenged again!

From watching, from weeping,  
From days of shame and dreams of fear,  
We rise to the reaping,  
We rush to the standing grain!—  
Our King, returned with wonders  
Of sorcery, and thunders  
Of heaven in his keeping,  
Shall restore, and reign!

CORVAIN [*in a gasp*]

Sorcery!—

AUBURN

Brother, I will take my crown.  
Thou hast not done well therewith.

[*He faces him with an assurance too perfect for any violence. CORVAIN, half recovering, tries to carry it off with an assumption of ridicule.*]

## FAIRYLAND

---

CORVAIN

Brother!—Crown!—  
Look at him! Listen to him! Ye redeless  
fools,  
Have ye ever seen Auburn?—

*[He is not very convincing; but the crowd, always sensitive to scepticism, are just enough taken aback to show it. They become suddenly many-headed, peering and wrangling and gesticulating. AUBURN does not deign to look round. Perfectly sure and unmoved, he slowly draws the Rose from his breast and displays it. ROSAMUND, MYRIEL, and the CHORUS cry out together their several sense of the situation.]*

AUBURN

Look, and be still. . .  
There is no need for you to understand;  
It is enough that ye obey.

ROSAMUND

My Prince  
Of Fairyland!—

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---

MYRIEL

Father, a miracle!—

CHORUS

A rose! A spell! A lie! Auburn! Corvain!—

*[This comes all at once, a confused outcry of expectation following close upon AUBURN'S last words. He now steps a few paces down center, a little below the rest: the scene focusing upon him as he holds up the Rose before him with both hands, and raising his eyes to it, begins his invocation.]*

AUBURN

Rose of mystery, Rose of all the world,  
If ever from the world I followed thee  
Over the hills of dawn, beyond the plains  
Of sea and desert breathless beneath noon,  
Through midnight forests whispering dread-  
fully,  
Till I came to thy kingdom,—bring thou me  
Home now to mine! Shine forth! So they  
who deny



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Thee shall behold thy heart burning like fire,  
And hear what songs the Elfin people  
sing! . .

*[A moment's pause follows this climax—just not quite long enough to make the audience think that the failure of the Rose to light up is accidental. Then there is a snarl of brass and drums in the ORCHESTRA, against which CORVAIN throws back his head and laughs aloud. The CHORUS at once catch up his laughter, echoing it from part to part; and an orchestral crescendo carries the whole up into the sound of a great gust of wind which roars across the stage. The petals are blown from the Rose and scattered on the ground; and AUBURN stands rigid, grasping the bare stem and staring into nothingness. Every figure but his own is in motion. The CHORUS come forward and to the right, mocking and threatening him. Presently he sinks down into a sitting posture among the scattered petals, gathering them up and looking at them with a kind of mechanical wonder. He*

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*neither hears nor sees anything else. ROSAMUND throws herself down beside him, trying to see into his face.*

*The chorus lines which follow are distributed among different parts and different individual singers, as in the case of the ejection of the peasants at the beginning of the act: so that the effect is of a confused storm of laughter and mockery.]*

### CHORUS [*divided*]

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho!

Look at him! Corvain! Corvain!

—May the king forever reign!

—Ah, I said so! I said so!

—How now, wizard? Do your worst!

—Bah, I knew it from the first!

Old wives' tales have turned his brain.

—Look at him! Corvain! Corvain!

—He'd bewitch us if he durst—

Come away!

—Ay, let us go;

We have heard his magic strain,  
Seen how fairy roses blow—

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho!

## FAIRYLAND

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*[The ridicule of AUBURN throws ROSAMUND into a wholly unselfish rage. She springs up from his side and turns upon the CHORUS, railing against their laughter: which however continues uninterrupted from the point where CORVAIN starts it until after the whole CHORUS is off the stage.]*

### ROSAMUND

Have done! keep silence, clowns! Have  
your dull dreams  
Beheld Fairyland, that ye dare to raise  
Riot and mockery against your King?  
What have ye known? Dogs baying at the  
moon,  
Moles crying out against the morning star,—  
Still shameless? Ay, laugh! So your breed  
is known.  
Is a man pure? Laugh! Is a woman foul?  
Laugh! When a child's pain wonders out  
of hell,  
Or lovers' joy calls down new souls from  
heaven,  
Laugh! Slap your knees and love your-  
selves! Laugh on!

## FAIRYLAND

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*[Her advance drives them back up stage, still mocking and mowing, and brings her face to face with CORVAIN, who is by now thoroughly enjoying himself. He holds out his arms to her triumphantly; and with that, she wilts out of her anger into personal fear, and shrinks away toward MYRIEL. CORVAIN'S angry and contemptuous gesture bids them begone; and they follow the CHORUS out up left, the NUNS closing around them. The sound of laughter dies away off stage. The stage is empty, save for AUBURN, still crouched among the fallen petals; CORVAIN standing over him; and the impassive MEN-AT-ARMS in the background.]*

CORVAIN

Hail, John-a-Dreams! . .

*[AUBURN looks vaguely up at him.]*

What, is the name of king  
So great a matter? So ho! . .

*[He turns away up the steps, right.  
At the top, he pauses.]*

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Give ye good den,  
Brother!

*[He goes into the castle. The doors  
close.]*

AUBURN *[softly]*  
I have been king in Fairyland. . .

*SLOW CURTAIN*



ACT III

THE VILLAGE. DAWN





### ACT III

[THE SCENE represents an open grassy space in the midst of the VILLAGE. Parts of houses just appear to right and left; but the main group of them is up stage beyond the practicable and on a lower level: so that the Valley is visible beyond them, with the Abbey and the Castle upon the corners of the hills to right and left in the extreme distance: their position and the identical arrangement of topography showing that we are now in the Village which appeared in the distance of the two preceding scenes. Most prominent among its buildings is the TAVERN placed in the center of the upper edge of the practicable, its doors forming the entrance there.

Sufficient trees and shrubbery appear about the edges of the scene to set it in a frame of foliage not dissimilar in coloring and composition to that of Act I. A heavy stake is set in the ground just below the center.

## FAIRYLAND

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*The light is at first the dusk of early morning; afterwards changing through sunrise to full daylight; and at the end transformed suddenly into the unnatural light and color of the fairy vision.*

*At the CURTAIN RISE, ROSAMUND is discovered fastened to the stake by a chain about her waist: leaving her free for gesture and a certain amount of motion, but without suggesting any possibility of escape, or appearance of being tethered rather than bound. Four soldiers up stage keep guard over her. Immediately after the curtain rise four others coming to relieve this guard are heard singing off stage to the left: The ORCHESTRA connecting this opening with the opening of Act I.]*

SOLDIERS [off stage]

Good Saint Aloys one winter's night,  
Walking in ghostly meditation,  
Came on a lady brave and bright:  
Sought to advise her of salvation.

Bade her beware of earthly bliss,  
Kneel, and confess her, and be shriven—

## FAIRYLAND

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[*They break off as they enter. The business of relieving the guard is gone through in brief pantomime. One of the relieved guards brings a couple of the newcomers down to ROSAMUND, and displays her to them, holding a horn lantern callously up to her face. The ORCHESTRA connects this with the pause between stanzas of the opening chorus of Act I, the reverence of the passing peasants to ROSAMUND upon the balcony. Then the relieved guard go out up left, catching up the song as they go.*]

### SOLDIERS

Bade her beware of earthly bliss,  
Kneel, and confess her, and be shriven—  
“Father,” the Lady said, “for this  
Be thou rewarded, and . . . forgiven.”

Out of her heart she plucks a rose  
Lighting the dark with holy splendor—  
Man never heard, and Heaven knows  
Whither away his steps attend her.

[*The ORCHESTRA recalls AUBURN’S ride across the Valley in Act I. The*

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*Abbey bell is heard in the distance and the sunrise just begins in the sky. MYRIEL enters up right, somberly and simply dressed. She is halted by the guard, one of whom holds up the lantern to her face. Thus recognized she passes down to ROSAMUND. In the ensuing scene, there is a change evident in both. ROSAMUND is at once stronger and more tolerant than before; and MYRIEL has set her whole resolute will upon being charitable.]*

MYRIEL [*to the soldiers*]

It is I.

*[They let her pass. She comes to ROSAMUND who makes no acknowledgment of her presence.]*

Daughter, it is I. . .

*[ROSAMUND moves only her eyes.]*

No more  
Thy judge; only another woman, come  
To help and hear.

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---

ROSAMUND

There is no help.

MYRIEL

Dost thou

So hate me?

ROSAMUND [*quietly*]

I have thought of many things  
This night. Mother, thou in thy holiness,  
And the dear sisters, with their quiet eyes  
Reflecting heaven—even the snowy saints  
We pray to—even. . .

Ah, but they never knew  
What I have known! Other things, better  
things,  
It may be, than my best can choose to learn—  
Be it so: *I choose!* . . Therefore ye must  
needs  
Destroy; not hating me,—fearing my dream.

MYRIEL

Fearing!—

I have sinned. . .

[ III ]

## FAIRYLAND

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*[She crushes her pride back into charity; and with that, there comes clearly to her the sense of what ROSAMUND'S vision might mean—what it would mean to herself, in terms of her own holiness. She interprets it so with the sheer confidence of inspiration.]*

Daughter, be thy name  
Blessed among women! In my blind hour  
I said thy faith came to thee out of hell.  
Forgive. I know now. Child, thy dreams  
    have seen  
Heaven—only, being a soul unborn  
Out of the body, thou hast named the Love  
Past Understanding for the love we know,  
Calling Paradise Eden. . .

ROSAMUND

Thou dost not know,  
Mother. It was not Heaven.

MYRIEL

Am I so changed?  
I was a woman ere I was a nun—  
How should I not understand? Oh, look  
    well—

## FAIRYLAND

---

See how it might be, thence how it hath been,  
And so, the truth! . .

ROSAMUND

It is true that I love  
The Prince of Fairyland.

MYRIEL [*with desperate enthusiasm*]

It shall not be!—  
God will not let so much be given in vain;  
Thou shalt not look downward, seeking for  
Him,—  
Burn thy wings in the star of Bethlehem! . .

[*Very earnestly and more quietly.*]

Little sister mine, thou art near to death,  
Balancing between worlds. I promise thee  
Life, absolution, sainthood. . .

ROSAMUND [*dreamily*]

All for me? . .  
I had rather remember.

MYRIEL

As the lost  
Remember!—

## FAIRYLAND

---

[*She controls herself again, and turns away up stage with wholly honest regret.*]

Farewell. . I can only be  
Thy judge.

[*She goes out, right. The light is by now that of sunrise. The ORCHESTRA, following ROSAMUND'S imagination as before, recalls her first account of AUBURN: "I saw one riding on a great red steed," from Act I. The soldiers notice AUBURN, creeping in right. The first, about to challenge him, is restrained by the others, as about to see good sport. AUBURN produces a sword wherewith he tries vainly to free ROSAMUND.*]

AUBURN

—Chains!

[*He hews furiously at the stake itself; the sword shatters in his hand. While he stands helpless, the soldiers break into pantomime of laughter, and go out into the Tavern, leaving one on guard,*



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---

*who remains up stage quite out of the scene.]*

ROSAMUND

Wherefore art thou come to me?

AUBURN

Nothing. A jest for fools. Thou shalt not  
die

While I live—It sounds bravely, does it  
not? . .

No matter.

ROSAMUND

Dost thou know me?

AUBURN

I know thee for  
The one soul upon earth believing me,  
My one friend where all people mock at me,  
My one love now when naught remains of me  
Worth loving. I have grown old in the  
night  
And lost the dawn.

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---

ROSAMUND

And thy queen?

AUBURN

Long ago,  
When I was king, I might have crowned thee  
queen;  
I might have saved thee, when I was a man—  
Shall I now pine for shadows? I am here  
At thy feet. I remember no more. Let  
The dream perish!

*[He kneels before her. She looks  
down at him happily.]*

ROSAMUND

Art thou so changed? . . My lord,  
I have yielded my harvest; I have found my  
need.  
There is nothing more.

AUBURN *[raising his head]*

Touch me. . .

*[She rests her hands upon his head.  
The ORCHESTRA emphasizes ROSA-*

## FAIRYLAND

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MUND'S account of AUBURN in Act I, and AUBURN'S invocation. At the climax, he rises slowly, and they gaze upon each other wondering. The ensuing lines of recognition are sung together in duet.]

Do I

Dream again?

ROSAMUND

Do I not remember—

AUBURN

Thou

Crowned with stars, throned among roses—

ROSAMUND

Thee

Riding in golden arms under the sun—  
Auburn, the King!

AUBURN

My Queen of Fairyland!

ROSAMUND

What hath befallen us?

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---

### AUBURN

We have seen one light  
Whereof death is the shadow. . .

Flower of my May,  
In the winter returning, moon of my dream  
Arisen again by midnight, beautiful  
As a boy's new bloom of desire, more fair  
Than glory of the strong in battle, dear  
As an old man's memory,—smile down, and  
so

Lighting the windows of my heaven for me,  
Bring the wanderer home!

### ROSAMUND

We have seen one  
Light whereof death is the shadow. . .

Sun of my joy  
Over sorrow arising, wind of my dawn,—  
Remember our day, and I mind no more  
The small pain that shall make darkness of  
me—

The praying women and the laughing men  
And the one breath of fire that closes all—  
Than songs of little children far away,  
Singing to call me home.

## FAIRYLAND

---

[By this time it is broad daylight. The Village wakes up; and the CHORUS come in here and there, by twos and threes, moving about the stage; most of them finally going into the Tavern. SOLDIERS appear and set up two high thrones, up right and left (for MYRIEL and CORVAIN). AUBURN goes about from group to group of the peasants, seeming vainly to urge them to rebellion. They are amused, incredulous, embarrassed. The ORCHESTRA suggests the opening chorus of Act I, as ROBIN comes in up left, and is stopped by AUBURN.]

ROBIN [*entering*]

So we who bear  
Her burden—

AUBURN

Hold you there, good fellow!

ROBIN [*pausing*]

Who  
Calls me Goodfellow?

## FAIRYLAND

---

AUBURN

One who hath need of thee.

ROSAMUND

Auburn, the King.

ROBIN

Dost *thou* say so?

AUBURN

Say thou

So, lest we all perish. If it be true,  
Auburn reigns; if it be a lie, no less  
Corvain falls, and the people crown their  
king.

*[This piece of practical politics impresses ROBIN as decidedly a good idea, and his respect for AUBURN visibly awakens; but having all the peasant's sensitiveness to the reality of his own honor, he is a little irritated too. He assumes a grotesque air of putting the two through an examination.]*

FAIRYLAND

---

ROBIN

And the Rose? And the Song?

ROSAMUND

Dreams.

ROBIN

It may be  
We have our dreams too. Shall a dog forge  
crowns  
Out of the gold of the moon? Shall a blind  
mole  
Honor the morning star? See now, ye be-  
lieve  
Neither yourselves, nor us, nor your own  
dream.

ROSAMUND [*bitterly*]

Art thou so bitter?

AUBURN

Nay, it is not that—  
They live by dreams; we others die of  
them. . .

## FAIRYLAND

---

[*To ROBIN, with the wholly honest courtesy of an equal.*]

Thy pardon.

ROBIN [*astonished*]

Thou art strangely like a king! . .

ROSAMUND

Dost *thou* say so?

ROBIN

Not I. If my lord will. . .

[*He gestures toward the Tavern; and AUBURN assenting, the two start off together. During this dialogue, the pantomime has continued. The SOLDIERS and the NUNS have been marching in and grouping themselves about the two thrones. AUBURN, half way up stage, turns back for a last word to ROSAMUND; and at the same time CORVAIN and MYRIEL enter left and right. So that as AUBURN moves up stage again, he en-*



## FAIRYLAND

---

*counters CORVAIN and a line of SOLDIERS blocking the way. ROBIN has just escaped them and gone into the Tavern, from which sounds of revelry begin to be audible.]*

CORVAIN

Patience awhile, good Brother. What is thy will?

AUBURN [*quietly desperate*]

Nothing. A little longer, and my will Might have been more.

ROSAMUND

He is the King!

CORVAIN [*deliberately*]

So? I

Am still King hereabout. It were as well,  
Mayhap, thy king should go to. . Fairy-  
land,  
Lest we faint under three crowns.

## FAIRYLAND

---

MYRIEL

Well dost thou  
Know he is not the King! What hast thou  
done  
With Auburn? Out of consecrated ground  
His blood cries out upon a brother. Man,  
Dost thou think I do not know?

CORVAIN

Too late now,  
Mother. Why not have cried murder before  
I caught out of thine hand this golden toy  
Wherefore kings have been slain? What  
hast *thou* done  
With Auburn? Will ye canonize his bones  
Under your Abbey?

[*The counter-charge leaves her momentarily speechless with indignation.*  
CORVAIN *goes on, dangerously triumphant.*]

Lord, what a coil! Brother  
From brother set apart, a pilgrim slain,  
A pretty lady burned for loving—all  
To God's glory! Well, I will do my share—  
Take him.

## FAIRYLAND

---

[*This last is to the SOLDIERS, who at once advance upon AUBURN.*]

AUBURN

First I will do mine.

[*After one desperate glance around, he suddenly wrests the heavy crozier from MYRIEL, and with it furiously attacks CORVAIN. CORVAIN is struck down, half stunned; and the SOLDIERS overpower AUBURN just in time to save him.*]

MYRIEL AND THE NUNS

Sacrilege!

CORVAIN AND THE SOLDIERS

Treason, ho!

CORVAIN [*alone, as he rises*]

Bind him yonder.

[*To MYRIEL.*]

Enough! Thou

Hast thy victim, I mine.

## FAIRYLAND

---

[AUBURN is chained to the stake beside ROSAMUND and to her left. The SOLDIERS pile fagots around them. MYRIEL presently comes down to ROSAMUND.]

MYRIEL

Daughter, believe  
There is not any anger in my heart  
Against thee. Put away thy bitter strength  
And receive pardon. . . or, if not for thy-  
self—  
Remember this poor mad soul thou hast  
drawn  
Down to thee. Put away thy bitter joy,  
And save him.

AUBURN

Dear, would I live so?

CORVAIN

Nay, save  
Thine own life, pretty one—There is yet  
time  
Despite all dreams, dry women, and dead  
men—

## FAIRYLAND

---

What, stubborn? . . What, unwilling? . .

Presently

The sparks crack, and the little dancing  
flames

Lap the lithe limbs of thee, questioning all  
Thy beauty—Then the fire towers and  
clings—Oh,

A hungry lover!—pillowing thy white pain  
In downy-bosomed clouds, holding the last  
Wild leap of thee helpless, till thy life shines  
In the red heart of a great rose. . .

ROSAMUND

[*Utterly unshaken, almost amused.*]

Auburn,

I will tell thee a secret: he is a fool, this  
king—

He thinks we are afraid.

[*There is a muffled shout of laughter  
from within the Tavern, as CORVAIN  
turns away.*]

AUBURN

How of our wise  
Mother? She thinks we need heaven.

## FAIRYLAND

---

*[Another howl of laughter from the Tavern, covering MYRIEL'S pantomime of invocation.]*

### THE NUNS

*Amen. . .*

*[As the NUNS sing the following, MYRIEL and CORVAIN assume their seats. The SOLDIERS are preparing to light the fire. AUBURN and ROSAMUND are interested only in the growing under-current of hilarity within the Tavern, which disturbs the Chant; and in so doing, they call the attention of the audience thereto.]*

Domine, propone ducem  
Crucifixi ferre crucem  
Per tenebras et in lucem;

*[The fagots are ready, and a SOLDIER approaches with a torch. The Drinking Song begins to be heard within the Tavern. The Chant continues.]*

## FAIRYLAND

---

Aut nolentem pertinere,  
Domine, ne te videre  
Defendatur, miserere.

*[The fagots are lighted. At the first flicker of flame, the Drinking Song bursts out full force, drowning the Chant, which presently gives place to it: so that whereas the first stanza of the Chant is heard alone, the last stanza of the Drinking Song is so heard.]*

### CHORUS [*within the Tavern*]

Ye lads of beggary, lords of birth,  
And brothers about the bowl,—  
Come join the mirth of your mother Earth,  
And pass her soul  
Round, round, and round again—  
Time your trouble was drowned again—  
Jollity followed and found again,  
And hearts made whole!

Her frozen breast was a rose of spring  
Or ever your woes began;  
So laugh your best, and be king by king  
And man by man,  
(while years go)

## FAIRYLAND

---

*Round, round, and round again—  
Time your trouble was drowned again—  
Jollity followed and found again  
By him who can!*

*Then think upon her, and sing her honor,  
And drink to her fair renown,  
Till flowers loom up in the blooming cup,  
And stars bow down  
(to the ground, so)*

*Round, round, and round again,—  
Time the Devil was drowned again—  
Jollity followed and found again,  
(And throned again, and crowned again,)  
With wine's own crown!*

*[The smoke and fire are spreading around the stake; yet not so much as to conceal the two figures there from the plain sight of the audience. The fire-music in the ORCHESTRA is the patter of the FAIRIES' entrance in Act I. From the first catch of the Drinking Song, ROSAMUND has suddenly recognized the fairy magic in the Peasants' mirth; and as the song goes on, she is rapt into full understanding how the common folk are*



## FAIRYLAND

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*the Fairies after all, and the world one with her dream. Of the two, AUBURN is the still and desperate martyr; ROSAMUND is transfigured beyond any thought of death.]*

ROSAMUND

Hearken. . the song! . .

AUBURN

Beloved, we have drunk one Cup of red wine together—one more now, And then. . . Fairyland!

*[He is standing rigid, looking only at her, and clutching mechanically at the withered Rose in his breast. ROSAMUND lays her hand upon his. At that touch, the Rose suddenly blooms and lights up within as at first. Instantly the doors of the Tavern fly open, disclosing a tableau of ROBIN and part of the CHORUS grouped in a scene of revelry under brilliant light: ROBIN upon a table, with the same great cup in his hand which he*

## FAIRYLAND

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*bore in the first fairy scene; the others with uplifted arms around him.]*

ROSAMUND

Look—the Rose!

THE NUNS AND SOLDIERS

The Rose!

*[The dry stem in AUBURN'S hand is a burning blossom. The others are transfixed, staring at it. ROSAMUND throws back her head and breaks into the Song of the Rose. As she sings, ROBIN and the CHORUS come out of the Tavern, waving their cups. The lights change as in Act I, into the wild color of the fairy vision. The CHORUS, now fairies in the unearthly light, keep pouring in. MYRIEL and CORVAIN shrink from their thrones before the advancing multitude, and fall back down left and right; while the NUNS and SOLDIERS give way before the crowd of fairies with their cups and flowers. The effect of all this is not that of a struggle, but of an*

## FAIRYLAND

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*overpowering spell whereto there is no resistance: so that ROSAMUND's big solo is not disturbed, but as it were illustrated, by the stage effect. This action goes on through the whole time of her singing.]*

### ROSAMUND

Rose of the World, thou art grown in all  
fields. There was never

Soul upon earth but has worn thee and  
borne thee along

Under the bosom of joy, on the crest of  
endeavor

Blooming, a breath and a melody, blossom  
and song;

Still, when the kisses are done, when the  
battle is over,

Burning before him, beyond him, alone  
and afar—

Light in the heart of the saint; in the heart  
of the lover,

Fire; in the child's heart, a star.

Star of the Sea, thou art known: of thy gold  
is our treasure.

All who have fought for thee, sought for  
thee, under the sun,

## FAIRYLAND

---

Owning strange gods, bearing old pain,  
obeying new pleasure,—

Surely their sorrows are many; their joys  
are as one.

Ever an earth more unearthly, a heaven  
more human,

Body and soul of desire in immortal  
alloy,—

Dreams in the sword of the man, in the  
womb of the woman:

One hope, one beauty, one Joy!

*[The transformation is complete.  
ROBIN comes out before the stake, hold-  
his cup aloft.]*

ROBIN

Health to the King and Queen!

CHORUS

The King and Queen!

*[He drinks, and casts the last drops  
of wine upon the fire. It vanishes, and  
the chains fall.]*

## FAIRYLAND

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### CHORUS

Crown them! Crown them! Crown them!

*[AUBURN and ROSAMUND are momentarily lost in the crowd of fairies as ROBIN turns to the others. During his next four lines, the thrones are brought down and placed side by side near the stake, and AUBURN and ROSAMUND robed gloriously and seated therein. The fairies are grouped around, the NUNS and SOLDIERS further to right and left, MYRIEL and CORVAIN with their respective followers; and ROBIN beside the thrones.]*

### ROBIN

Ye whose blind power is melted into mirth,  
Whose holiness is now a sin forgiven:  
Knowing not heaven, what have ye known  
of Earth—  
Knowing not earth, what can ye know of  
Heaven?

### CHORUS

Fairyland! Fairyland! Fairyland!

## FAIRYLAND

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*[By now the final tableau is arranged,  
and the scene proceeds to an end as in  
Act I, without movement.]*

AUBURN, ROSAMUND, ROBIN

Now it is known: the kingdom of fancy,  
founded  
Firm in the flesh that hungers, the soul  
that knows;  
Throned upon clay, with fire as a robe sur-  
rounded,

AUBURN

Crowned with the light of heaven,—

ROSAMUND

The light of a dream,—

ROBIN

The light of the Rose!

*[Against this is sung the Chorus fol-  
lowing: so that the whole comes to an  
end together.]*

## FAIRYLAND

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### CHORUS

*Where shall we hide from Fairyland? We  
who are woman-born:*

*A music sung by angels to the word of  
man's demand?—*

*Never an ear too dull to hear the call of the  
elfin horn,*

*Nor an eye so blind but it shall find the  
way to Fairyland!*

*How shall we dwell in Fairyland? We who  
are dust and fire,*

*Glory and gloom interwoven, a dark and  
a shining strand?—*

*One in the pain we remember, one in the joy  
we desire,*

*Waking on earth, sleeping in heaven,  
dreaming in Fairyland!*

### CURTAIN











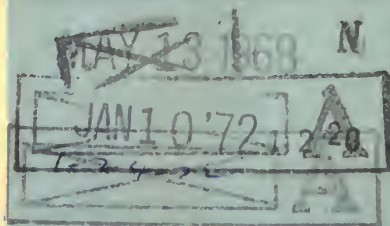




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